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THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS. A POEM.

By JAMES BEATTIE, M. A.

Α᾽ΜΑΧΟΝ ΔΕ᾽ ΚΡΥ᾽ΨΑΙ ΤΟ᾽ ΣΤΓΓΕΝΕ᾽Σ Η᾽ΘΟΣ᾽

PINDAR. OLYMP. 13.

LONDON:
Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT, at Tully's Head, in the Strand; and J. BALFOUR, in Edinburgh.
M DCC LXV.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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PREFACE.

IF all the powers of human nature could be gratified at once, ſuch an univerſal gratification would certainly conſtitute the Supreme Felicity of man. But this is impoſſible: for our appetites and affections are in many inſtances incompatible; and whatever courſe of life we purſue, we muſt forego ſome gratifications, if we would hope to attain others. Self-denial is not peculiar to the virtuous; the ſenſualiſt and the ruffian cannot exempt themſelves from it. But virtuous ſelf-denial reſtrains only thoſe propenſities, whoſe influence is moſt limited, and which, when indulged, introduce diſorder into the mind; whereas, that abſtinence which the vitious impoſe upon themſelves, reſtrains the nobleſt and moſt important principles of their nature, and ſuch as are of the moſt extenſive influence: the latter doth neceſſarily contract our ſphere of enjoyment, and the former doth as neceſſarily enlarge it.

After an accurate induction of particulars, it hath been ſhewn by Moral Writers, with a degree of evidence,

which, if it cannot be called ſtrict demonſtration, is at leaſt ſufficient to command the aſſent of every reaſonable man, that Virtue hath a natural tendency to produce, and is perfectly conſiſtent with, the ampleſt and moſt diffuſive gratification of our *Whole Nature*. The purſuit of *Ambition*, or of *Senſual Pleaſure*, can promiſe only *partial* happineſs; being adapted, not to our *whole* conſtitution, but only to a *part* of it. The propenſities, which determine us to ſuch purſuits, are certainly Natural propenſities; and as ſuch, when ſeparately conſidered, may ſeem conducive to the perfection of human felicity: a conſideration, upon which the Senſual and the Ambitious found a plea, that often appears ſpecious, and often proves enſnaring. But pleaſures cannot be properly eſtimated when *ſeparately* conſidered: we ought to eſtimate them according to their comparative excellence, and according to their influence on the General happineſs of the *Whole mental ſyſtem*.

The following Eſſay is to be looked upon as an attempt to illuſtrate ſome points of this important doctrine. The Fable, from which it derives its name, its ſcenery, and principal incidents, is well known; and is, indeed, in its original ſtate, no very proper vehicle for communicating any moral doctrine: but, after changing ſome circumſtances, omitting others, and retaining ſuch only as were neceſſary for embelliſhing the ſenti-

ments,

ments, and rendering the catastrophe probable, I thought it more favourable to my design, than any that I could have invented. The rule which Horace hath suggested in these lines,

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus:

will perhaps appear as applicable to small as to great works.

Some will doubtless think it absurd, to introduce any part of the Pagan, or rather Homeric Theology, into a modern poem professedly serious. But the attentive Reader will perceive, that the celestial Beings introduced into this poem, whom the subject rendered it necessary to distinguish by the names of Juno, Pallas, and Venus, represent, not the characters of these goddesses as we find them in Homer, but only such characters, as the Patronesses of *Ambition*, of *Wisdom*, and of *Effeminate Pleasure*, might be supposed to assume. The arguments or topicks, by which their several doctrines are enforced, are all deduced from the principles of human nature. But they differ essentially in this respect; the arguments of the First Speaker and of the Last proceed from *Partial* views of our frame; those of the Second, from a view of the *Whole* as constituting one system.

It is hoped, the character of Paris, as here repreſented, will be found ſtrictly agreeable to the idea of him conveyed to us in the writings of Homer, and other antient poets. The probability of the cataſtrophe depends very much on the Real Character of this perſonage; and therefore, with regard to him, a cloſe adherence to Poetic Truth was judged altogether neceſſary.

It will not perhaps be improper to obſerve, that as the following Compoſition was intended to partake no leſs of the Lyric than of the Heroic ſtyle, I have therefore made choice of that ſpecies of verſification, which to me ſeems equally ſuſceptible of both; and which, in the judgment of Mr. DRYDEN*, is "More noble, and "of greater dignity, both for the ſound and number," than any other regular ſtanza of Engliſh verſe.

September 5, 1764.

* Preface to *Annus Mirabilis*, printed 1667.

THE

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

FAR in the depth of Ida's inmoſt grove,
That faintly murmur'd to the vernal wind;
Where flowery woodbines wild by Nature wove,
Form'd the lone bower, THE ROYAL SWAIN reclin'd.

Up the broad cliffs, that tower'd immenſe to heaven,
Green waved the lofty pines, on every ſide;
Save where, fair-opening to the beam of even,
A dale ſloped gradual to the valley wide,

Echoed the vale with many a chearful note;

The various lowe of herds reſounding long,
The ſhrilling pipe, the mellow horn remote,
And ſocial clamours of the feſtive throng.

For now, low-hovering o'er the weſtern main,
Where amber clouds begirt his dazzling throne,
The ſun with ruddier verdure deck'd the plain;
And lakes, and ſtreams, and ſpires triumphal ſhone;

And many a band of ardent youths were ſeen:
Some, into rapture fired by glory's charms,
Or hurl'd the thundering car along the green,
Or march'd embattled on in glittering arms.

Others more mild, in happy leiſure gay,
The winding foreſt's lonely gloom explore;
Or by Scamander's flowery margin ſtray,
Or the blue Helleſpont's reſounding ſhore.

But chief the eye to Him's glories turn'd,
That gleam'd along th' extended champaign far;
And bulwarks, in terrific pomp adorn'd,
Where Peace sat smiling at the frowns of War.

Rich in the spoils of many a subject-clime
In pride luxurious blazed th' imperial dome;
Tower'd mid th' encircling grove the fane sublime;
And dread memorials mark'd the hallow'd tomb

Of Him, who from the gore-stain'd cavern led
The savage stern, and sooth'd his boisterous breast;
Who spoke, and Science rear'd her radiant head,
And brighten'd o'er the long-benighted waste;

Or, greatly daring in his country's cause,
Whose heaven-taught soul the awful plan design'd,
Whence Power stood trembling at the voice of Laws,
Whence soar'd on Freedom's wing th' ethereal mind.

But not the pomp that Royalty displays,
Not all th' imperial pride of lofty Troy,
Nor Virtue's triumph of immortal praiſe
Could rouſe the languor of the lingering Boy.

Abandon'd all to ſoft OENONE's charms,
He to oblivion doom'd the liſtleſs day;
Inglorious lull'd in Love's diſſolving arms,
While flutes laſcivious breathed th' enfeebling lay.

To trim the ringlets of his ſcented hair,
To aim, inſidious, Love's bewitching glance,
To cull freſh garlands for the gaudy Fair,
Or wanton looſe in the voluptuous dance;

Theſe were his arts; theſe won OENONE's love,
Nor ſought his fetter'd ſoul a nobler aim ——
Ah why ſhould Beauty's ſmile the arts approve,
Which taint with infamy the lover's flame!

Now laid at large beſide a murmuring ſpring
Melting he liſten'd to the woodland ſong;
And Echo liſtening waved her aery wing,
While the deep-winding dales the lays prolong.

When lo, ſlow-floating down the azure ſkies,
A crimſon cloud flaſh'd on his ſtartled ſight,
Whoſe ſkirts gay-ſparkling with unnumber'd dies
Lanch'd the long billowy trails of flickering light.

That inſtant, huſh'd was all the vocal grove,
Huſh'd was the gale, and every ruder ſound;
And lays aereal warbling far above
Rung in the ear a magic peal profound.

Near and more near the ſwimming radiance roll'd,
Along the mountains ſtream'd the lingering fires;
Sublime the groves of Ida blazed with gold,
And heaven reſounded wide with louder lyres.

Upſprung the trump's ſhrill clang; and all its air
The glories vaniſh'd from the dazzled eye;
And three ethereal forms, divinely fair,
Down the ſteep glade were ſeen advancing nigh.

The flowering glade fell level where they mov'd,
O'er-arching high the cluſtering roſes hung,
And gales from heaven on balmy pinions rov'd,
And hill and dale with gratulation rung.

The FIRST with ſlow and ſtately ſtep drew near;
Fix'd was her lofty eye, erect her mien;
Sublime in grace, in majeſty ſevere,
She look'd a goddeſs, and ſhe mov'd a queen.

Her robe along the gale profuſely ſtream'd,
Light lean'd the ſceptre on her bending arm;
And round her brow a ſtarry circlet gleam'd,
Heightening the pride of each commanding charm.

Milder

Milder the NEXT came on with artleſs grace,
And on a javelin's quivering length reclin'd;
T' exalt her mien ſhe bade no ſplendor blaze,
Nor pomp of veſture fluctuate on the wind.

Serene, though awful, on her lofty brows,
Celeſtial Wiſdom ſhone; nor rov'd her eye,
Save where Ide's darkening cliffs majeſtic roſe,
Or the blue concave of th' involving ſky.

Keen were her eyes, t' explore the inmoſt ſoul;
Yet Virtue triumph'd in their beams benign;
And impious Pride oft felt their dread controul,
When in fierce lightning flaſh'd the wrath divine *.

With awe-ſtruck wonder gazed th' adoring SWAIN;
His kindling cheek great Virtue's power confeſs'd;
But ſoon 'twas o'er, for Virtue prompts in vain,
When Pleaſure's influence numbs the nerveleſs breaſt.

* This is agreeable to the Theology of Homer, who often repreſents Pallas as the executioner of the divine vengeance.

And

And now advanced the QUEEN OF MELTING JOY,
Smiling ſupreme in unreſiſted charms.
Ah then, what tranſports fired the trembling BOY!
How throb'd his ſickening frame with fierce alarms!

Her ſparkling eyes, all moiſtening as they ſwim
Luxurious, look'd unutterable love.
Heaven's warm bloom glows along each brightening limb,
Where fluttering bland the veil's thin mantlings rove.

Quick, bluſhing as abaſh'd, ſhe half withdrew;
One hand a bough of flowering myrtle wav'd,
One graceful ſpread, where, ſcarce conceal'd from view,
Soft through the parting robe her boſom heav'd.

" OFFSPRING of JOVE ſupreme! belov'd of heaven!
" Attend." Thus ſpoke the Empreſs of the ſkies.
" For, lo, to thee, high-fated Prince, 'tis given
" Through the bright realms of Fame ſublime to riſe,

" Beyond man's loftieſt hope; if nor the wiles
" Of PALLAS quell each bold ennobling thought;
" Nor PLEASURE lure thee, with her witching ſmiles,
" To quaff the poiſon of her luſcious draught. "

" When JUNO's charms the prize of beauty claim,
" Shall ought on earth, ſhall ought in heaven contend?
" Whom JUNO calls to high triumphant fame,
" Shall he to meaner ſway inglorious bend?

" Yet lingering comfortleſs in loneſome wild,
" Where Echo ſleeps mid cavern'd vales profound,
" The pride of Troy, Dominion's darling child
" Pines, while the ſlow hour ſtalks its ſullen round.

" Hear, Thou, of heaven unconſcious! From the blaze
" Of glory ſtream'd from JOVE's eternal throne,
" Thy ſoul, O Mortal, caught th' inſpiring rays,
" That to a God exalt Earth's raptur'd ſon.

" Hence the bold wish, on boundleſs pinion born,
" That whirls through fields of ecſtacy the ſoul;
" The hero's eye, hence, kindling into ſcorn,
" Blaſts the proud menace, and defies controul.

" But, unimprov'd, heaven's nobleſt boons are vain.
" No ſun with plenty crowns th' uncultur'd vale;
" Where green lakes languiſh on the ſilent plain,
" Death rides the billowings of the weſtern gale.

" Deep in yon mountain's womb, where the dark cave
" Howls to the torrent's everlaſting roar,
" Does the rich gem its liquid radiance wave,
" Or flames with ſteady ray th' imperial ore?

" Toil deck'd with glittering domes yon champaign wide,
" And wakes yon grove-emboſom'd lawns to joy;
" Th' impriſon'd ore rends from the mountain's ſide,
" Spangling with ſtarry pomp the thrones of Troy.

" Fly theſe ſoft ſcenes. Even now, with playful art,
" Love wreathes thy flowery ways with fatal ſnare;
" And nurſe th' ethereal fire that warms thy heart,
" That fire ethereal lives but by thy care.

" Lo, hovering near, on dark and dampy wing,
" Sloth with ſtern patience waits the hour aſſign'd,
" From her chill plume the deadly dews to fling,
" That quench heaven's beam, and freeze the chearleſs
" mind.

" Vain, then, th' enlivening ſound of Fame's alarms,
" For Hope's exulting impulſe prompts no more;
" Vain the falſe joys that lure to Pleaſure's arms,
" The throb of tranſport is for ever o'er.

" Ah, who ſhall then to Fancy's darkening eyes
" Recal th' elyſian dreams of joy and light?
" Dim through the gloom the formleſs viſions riſe,
" Snatch'd inſtantaneous down the gulph of night.

" Thou, who ſecurely lull'd in youth's warm ray,
" Hearſt not the tottering wrecks o'erthrown by Time,
" Be rous'd, or periſh. Ardent for its prey
" Speeds the fell hour, that deſolates thy prime.

" And, midſt the horrors ſhrin'd of midnight ſtorm,
" The fiend Oblivion eyes thee from afar,
" Black with intolerable frowns her form,
" Beckoning th' embattled whirlwinds into war.

" Fanes, bulwarks, mountains, worlds, their tempeſt
" whelms;
" Yet Glory braves unmov'd th' impetuous ſweep.
" Fly then, ere, hurl'd from life's delightful realms,
" Thou ſink t' Oblivion's dark and boundleſs deep.

" Fly then, where Glory points the path ſublime:
" See her crown dazzling with eternal light!
" 'Tis JUNO prompts thy daring ſteps to climb,
" And girds thy bounding heart with matchleſs might.

" Warm

" Warm in the raptures of divine deſire,
" Burſt the ſoft chain that curbs th' aſpiring mind;
" And fly, where Victory, born on wings of fire,
" Waves her red banner to the rattling wind.

" Aſcend the car. Indulge the pride of arms,
" Where clarions roll their kindling ſtrains on high,
" Where the eye maddens to the dread alarms,
" And the long ſhout tumultuous rends the ſky.

" Plung'd in the uproar of the thundering field
" I ſee thy lofty arm the tempeſt guide;
" Fate ſcatters lightning from thy meteor-ſhield,
" And Ruin ſpreads around the ſanguine tide.

" Go, urge the terrors of thy headlong car
" On proſtrate Pride, and Grandeur's ſpoils o'erthrown;
" While, all amaz'd, even heroes ſhrink afar,
" And hoſts embattled vaniſh at thy frown.

" When

" When Glory crowns thy godlike toils; and all
" The triumph's lengthening pomp exalts thy soul;
" When lowly at thy feet the Mighty fall,
" And tyrants tremble at thy stern controul;

" When conquering millions hail thy sovereign might,
" And tribes unknown dread acclamation join;
" How wilt thou spurn the forms of low delight!
" For all the ecstasies of heaven are thine;

" For thine the joys, that fear no length of days,
" Whose wide effulgence scorns all mortal bound:
" Fame's trump in thunder shall announce thy praise,
" Not wrecking worlds her clarion's blast confound."

The Goddess ceas'd, not dubious of the prize:
Elate she mark'd his wild and rolling eye,
Mark'd his lip quiver, and his bosom rise,
And his warm cheek suffus'd with crimson die.

But

But PALLAS now drew near, Sublime, ſerene
In conſcious dignity ſhe view'd the ſwain;
Then, love and pity ſoftening all her mien,
Thus breathed with accent mild the ſolemn ſtrain.

" LET thoſe, whoſe arts to fatal paths betray,
" The ſoul with Paſſion's gloom tempeſtuous blind;
" And ſnatch from Reaſon's ken th' auſpicious ray
" Truth darts from heaven to guide th' exploring mind.

" But WISDOM loves the calm and ſerious hour,
" When heaven's pure emanation beams confeſs'd;
" Rage, ecſtaſy, alike, diſclaim her power;
" She wooes each gentler impulſe of the breaſt.

" Sincere th' unalter'd bliſs her charms impart,
" Sedate th' enlivening ardors they inſpire;
" She bids no tranſient rapture thrill the heart,
" She wakes no feveriſh guſt of fierce deſire.

" Unwiſe,

" Unwiſe, who, toſſing on the watery way,
" All to the ſtorm th' unfetter'd ſail devolve;
" Man more unwiſe reſigns the mental ſway,
" Born headlong on by Paſſion's keen reſolve.

" While ſtorms remote but murmur on thine ear,
" Nor waves in ruinous uproar round thee roll,
" Yet yet a moment check thy prone career,
" And curb the keen reſolve that prompts thy ſoul.

" Explore thy heart, that, rous'd by Glory's name,
" Pants all enraptur'd with the mighty charm;---
" And does Ambition quench each milder flame?
" And is it Conqueſt, that alone can warm?

" T' indulge fell Rapine's deſolating luſt,
" To drench the balmy lawn in ſteaming gore,
" To ſpurn the hero's cold and ſilent duſt;---
" Are theſe thy joys? nor throbs thy heart for more?

" Pleas'd

" Pleas'd canſt thou liſten to the patriot's groan,
" And the wild wail of Innocence forlorn?
" And hear th' abandon'd maid's laſt frantic moan,
" Her Love for ever from her boſom torn?

" Nor wilt thou ſhrink, when Virtue's fainting breath
" Pours the dread curſe of vengeance on thy head?
" Nor when the pale ghoſt burſts the cave of death,
" To glare diſtraction on thy midnight bed?

" Was it for this, though born to regal power,
" Kind heaven to thee did nobler gifts conſign;
" Bade Fancy's influence gild thy natal hour,
" And bade Philanthropy's applauſe be thine?

" Theirs be the dreadful glory to deſtroy,
" And theirs the pride of pomp, and praiſe ſuborn'd,
" Whoſe eye ne'er lighten'd at the ſmile of Joy,
" Whoſe cheek the tear of Pity ne'er adorn'd;

" Whoſe ſoul, each finer ſenſe inſtinctive quell'd,
" The Lyre's mellifluous raviſhment defies,
" Nor marks where Beauty roves the flowering field,
" Or Grandeur's pinion ſweeps th' unbounded ſkies.

" Hail to ſweet Fancy's unexpreſſive charm!
" Hail to the pure delights of ſocial love!
" Hail, pleaſures mild, that fire not while ye warm,
" Nor rack th' exulting frame, but gently move!

" But Fancy ſoothes no more, if ſtern Remorſe
" With iron graſp the tortur'd boſom wring:
" Ah then, even Fancy ſpeeds the venom's courſe,
" Even Fancy points with rage the maddening ſting;

" Her wrath a thouſand gnaſhing fiends attend,
" And roll the ſnakes, and toſs the brands of hell:
" The beam of Beauty blaſts, dark heavens impend
" Tottering, and Muſic thrills with ſtartling yell.

" What then avails, that, with exhauſtleſs ſtore,
" Obſequious Luxury loads thy glittering ſhrine?
" What, then avails, that proſtrate ſlaves adore,
" And Fame proclaims thee matchleſs and divine?"

" What, though bland Flattery all her arts apply?---
" Will theſe avail to calm th' infuriate brain?
" Or will the roaring ſurge, when heav'd on high,
" Headlong hang, huſh'd to hear the piping ſwain?

" In health how fair, how ghaſtly in decay
" Man's lofty form! how heavenly fair the mind
" Sublimed by Virtue's ſweet enlivening ſway!
" But ah! to Guilt's outrageous rule reſign'd,

" How hideous and forlorn! where ruthleſs Care
" With cankering tooth corrodes the ſeeds of life;
" And, deaf with Paſſion's ſtorms, where pines Deſpair;
" And howling furies rouſe th' eternal ſtrife.

" O, by thy hopes of joy, that reſtleſs glow,
" Pledges of heaven! be taught by Wiſdom's lore;
" With anxious haſte each doubtful path forego,
" And life's wild ways with cautious fear explore.

" Straight be thy courſe; nor tempt the maze that leads
" Where fell Remorſe his ſhapeleſs ſtrength conceals:
" And oft Ambition's dizzy cliff he treads,
" And ſlumbers oft in Pleaſure's flowery vales.

" Nor linger unreſolv'd; heaven prompts the choice,
" Save when preſumption ſhuts the ear of Pride:
" With grateful awe attend to Nature's voice,
" The voice of Nature heaven ordain'd thy guide.

" Warn'd by her voice the arduous path purſue,
" That leads to Virtue's fane a ſcanty band.
" What, though no gaudy ſcenes decoy their view,
" Nor clouds of fragrance roll along the land?

" What,

" What, though rude mountains heave the flinty way?
" Yet there the ſoul drinks light and life divine;
" And pure aereal gales of gladneſs play,
" Brace every nerve, and every ſenſe refine.

" Go, Prince, be virtuous, and be bleſt. The throne
" Rears not its ſtate to ſwell the couch of Luſt;
" Nor dignify Corruption's daring ſon,
" T' overwhelm his humbler brethren of the duſt;

" But yield an ampler ſcene to Bounty's eye;
" An ampler range to Mercy's ear expand;
" And, midſt admiring nations, ſet on high
" Virtue's fair model framed by Wiſdom's hand.

" Go then; the voice of Woe demands thine aid;
" Pride's licens'd outrage claims thy ſlumbering ire;
" Pale Genius roams the chill neglected ſhade,
" And torpid Avarice mocks his useleſs lyre.

" Even

" Even Nature pines, by vileſt chains oppreſs'd;
" Th' aſtoniſh'd kingdoms crouch to Faſhion's nod.
" O ye pure inmates of the gentle breaſt,
" Truth, Freedom, Love, O where is your abode?"

" O yet once more ſhall Peace from heaven return,
" And young Simplicity with mortals dwell!
" Nor Innocence th' auguſt pavilion ſcorn,
" Nor meek Contentment fly the humble cell!

" Wilt thou, my Prince, the beauteous train implore
" Midſt earth's forſaken ſcenes once more to bide?
" Then Solitude ſhall ſing in every bower,
" And Love with garlands wreathe the domes of Pride.

" The tears bright-ſtarting in th' impaſſion'd eyes
" Of ſilent Gratitude; the ſmiling gaze
" Of Gratulation, faultering, while he tries
" With voice of rapturous joy to tell thy praiſe;

" Th'

" Th' ethereal glow, that ſtimulates thy frame,
" When all th' according powers harmonious move,
" And wake to energy each ſocial aim,
" Attuned ſpontaneous to the will of Jove:

" Be theſe, O Man, the triumphs of thy ſoul;
" And all the Conqueror's dazzling glories ſlight,
" That, meteor-like, o'er trembling nations roll,
" To ſink at once in deep and dreadful night.

" Like thine, yon Orb's ſtupendous glories burn
" With genial beam; nor, at th' approach of even,
" In ſhades of horror leave the world to mourn,
" But gild with lingering light th' empurpled heaven."

Thus while She ſpoke, her eye ſedately meek
Look'd the pure fervor of maternal love;
No rival Zeal intemperate fluſh'd her cheek---
Can Beauty's boaſt the ſoul of Wiſdom move?

Worth's

Worth's noble pride can Envy's leer appal,
Or ſtaring Folly's vain applauſes ſoothe?
Can jealous fear Truth's dauntleſs heart enthral?
Suſpicion lurks not in the heart of Truth.

And now the SHEPHERD rais'd his penſive head.
Yet unreſolv'd and fearful rov'd his eyes,
Nor dared the glances of the AWEFUL MAID;
For young unpractis'd Guilt diſtruſts the guiſe

Of ſhameleſs arrogance. His wavering breaſt,
Though warm'd by Wiſdom, own'd no conſtant fire;
While lawleſs fancy roam'd afar, unbleſt,
Save in the oblivious lap of ſoft deſire.

When thus the QUEEN of ſoul-diſſolving ſmiles:
"LET gentler fates my darling Prince attend.
"Joyleſs and cruel are the warrior's ſpoils,
"Dreary the path ſtern Virtue's ſons aſcend.

" Of mortal joy full narrow is the ſpace,
" And the dread verge ſtill gains upon the ſight;
" While, far beyond his ſphere, man's empty gaze
" Scans the faint dream of unapproach'd delight;

" Till every ſprightly hour, and blooming ſcene
" Of life's gay morn, unheeded, glides away,
" Clouds fraught with tempeſt mount the blue ſerene,
" And ſtorm and ruin cloſe the troublous day.

" Thou ſtill exult to hail the preſent joy;
" Thine be the boon that comes unearn'd by toil;
" No froward vain deſire thy bliſs annoy,
" No flattering hope thy longing hours beguile!

" Ah! why ſhould man purſue the charms of Fame,
" For ever luring, yet for ever coy?
" Light as the gaudy rainbow's pillar'd gleam,
" That melts elufive from the wondering boy!

" What, though her throne irradiate many a clime,
" If hung looſe-tottering o'er th' unfathom'd tomb?
" What, though her mighty clarion, rear'd ſublime,
" Diſplay th' imperial wreathe, and glittering plume?

" Can glittering plume, or can th' imperial wreathe
" Redeem, from unrelenting Fate, the brave?
" What note of triumph can her clarion breathe,
" T' alarm th' eternal midnight of the grave?

" That night draws on; nor will the vacant hour
" Of expectation linger as it flies,
" Nor fate one moment unenjoy'd reſtore;
" Each moment's flight how precious to the wiſe!

" O ſhun th' annoyance of the buſtling throng,
" That haunt with zealous turbulence the Great.
" There coward Office boaſts th' unpuniſh'd wrong,
" And ſneaks ſecure in inſolence of ſtate:

" O'er fancy'd injury Suſpicion pines,
" And in grim ſilence gnaws the feſtering wound;
" Deceit the rage-embitter'd ſmile refines,
" And Cenſure ſpreads the viperous hiſs around.

" Hope not, fond Prince, though Wiſdom guard thy
" throne,
" Though Truth and Bounty prompt each generous aim,
" Though thine the palm of peace, the victor's crown,
" The muſe's rapture, and the patriot's flame;
" Hope not, though all that captivates the wiſe,
" All that endears the good exalt thy praiſe,
" Hope not to taſte repoſe; for Envy's eyes
" At faireſt worth ſtill point their deadly rays.

" Envy, ſtern tyrant of the flinty heart,
" Can ought of virtue, truth, or beauty charm?
" Can ſoft Compaſſion thrill with pleaſing ſmart,
" Repentance melt, or Gratitude diſarm?

" Ah no. Where Winter Scythia's waſte enchains,
" And monſtrous ſhapes growl to the ruthleſs ſtorm,
" Not PHÆBUS' ſmile can chear the dreadful plains,
" Or ſoil accurs'd with balmy life inform.

" Then, Envy, then is thy triumphant hour,
" When mourns Benevolence his baffled ſcheme;
" When Inſult mocks the clemency of Power,
" And loud Diſſention's livid firebrands gleam;

" When ſquint-eyed Slander plies th' unhallow'd tongue,
" From poiſon'd maw when Treaſon weaves his line,
" And muſe apoſtate (infamy to ſong!)
" Grovels, low-muttering at Sedition's ſhrine.

" Let not my Prince forego the tranquil ſhade,
" The whiſpering grove, the fountain, and the plain:
" Power, with the oppreſſive weight of pomp array'd,
" Pants for ſimplicity and eaſe --- in vain.

" The

" The yell of frantic Mirth may ſtun his ear;
" But frantic Mirth ſoon leaves the heart forlorn;
" And PLEASURE flies that high tempeſtuous ſphere,
" Far different ſcenes her lucid paths adorn.

" She loves to wander on th' untrodden lawn,
" Or the green boſom of reclining hill,
" Sooth'd by the careleſs warbler of the dawn,
" Or the lone plaint of ever-murmuring rill.

" Or, from the mountain-glade's aereal brow,
" While to her ſong a thouſand echoes call,
" Marks the wild woodland wave remote below,
" Where ſhepherds pipe unſeen, and waters fall.

" Her influence oft the feſtive hamlet proves,
" Where the high carol chears th' exulting ring;
" And oft ſhe roams the maze of wildering groves,
" Liſtening the unnumber'd melodies of ſpring:

" Or

" Or to the long and lonely shore retires?
" What time, loose-glimmering to the lunar beam,
" Faint heaves the slumberous wave, and starry fires
" Gild the blue deep with many a lengthening gleam:

" Then, to the balmy bower of rapture born,
" While strings, self-warbling, breathe elysian rest,
" Melts in delicious vision, till the Morn
" Spangle with twinkling dew the flowery waste.

" The frolic Moments, purple-pinion'd, dance
" Around, and scatter roses as they play;
" And the blithe Graces, hand in hand, advance,
" Where, with her lov'd Compeers, she deigns to stray:

" Mild Solitude, in veil of russet die,
" Her sylvan spear with moss-grown ivy bound;
" And Indolence, with sweetly-languid eye,
" And zoneless robe that trails along the ground.

" But chiefly Love —— O Thou, whose gentle mind
" Each soft indulgence Nature framed to share;
" Pomp, wealth, renown, dominion, all resign'd,
" O haste to Pleasure's bower; for Love is there.

" Love, the desire of Gods! the feast of heaven!
" Yet to earth's favour'd offspring not denyd!
" Ah, let not thankless man the blessing given
" Enslave to fame, or sacrifice to pride.

" Nor I from Virtue's call decoy thine ear;
" Friendly to Pleasure are her sacred laws.
" Let Temperance smile the cup of gladness clear,
" That cup is death, if he with-hold applause.

" Far from thy haunt be Envy's baneful sway,
" And Hate that works the harrass'd soul to storm;
" But woo Content to breathe her soothing lay,
" And charm from Fancy's view each angry form.

" No

" No ſavage joy th' harmonious hours profane?
" Whom love refines can barbarous tumult pleaſe?
" Shall rage of blood pollute the ſylvan reign?
" Shall Leiſure wanton in the ſpoils of Peace? "

" Free let the feathery race indulge the ſong,
" Inhale the liberal beam, and melt in love;
" Free let the fleet hind bound her hills along,
" And in pure ſtreams the watery nations rove.

" To joy in Nature's univerſal ſmile,
" Well ſuits, O Man, thy pleaſurable ſphere;
" But why ſhould Virtue doom thy years to toil!
" Ah, why ſhould Virtue's law be deem'd ſevere!

" What meed, Beneficence, thy care repays?
" What, Sympathy, thy ſtill-returning pang?
" And why his generous arm ſhould Juſtice raiſe,
" To dare the vengeance of a tyrant's fang?

" From

" From thankleſs Spite no bounty can ſecure;
" Or froward wiſh of Diſcontent fulfil,
" That knows not to regret thy bounded power,
" But blames with keen reproach thy partial will.

" To check th' impetuous all-involving tide
" Of human woes, how impotent thy ſtrife!
" High o'er thy mounds devouring ſurges ride,
" Nor reck thy baffled toils, or laviſh'd life.

" The bower of bliſs, the ſmile of love be thine,
" Unlabour'd eaſe, and leiſure's careleſs dream.
" Such be their joys, who bend at VENUS' ſhrine,
" And own her charms beyond compare ſupreme!"

WARM'D, as ſhe ſpoke, all panting with delight,
Her kindling beauties breathed triumphant bloom,
And Cupids flutter'd round in circlets bright,
And Flora pour'd from all her ſtores perfume.

" THINE be the prize;" exclaim'd th' enraptur'd YOUTH,
" Queen of unrival'd charms, and matchleſs joy! "---
O blind to fate, felicity, and truth!---
But ſuch are they, whom Pleaſure's ſnares decoy.

The ſun was ſunk, the viſion was no more.
Night downward ruſh'd tempeſtuous, at the frown
Of JOVE's awaken'd wrath; deep thunders roar,
The forefts howl afar, and mountains groan.

Fierce-whirling meteors glare athwart the plain;
With horror's ſcream the Ilian towers reſound;
Raves the hoarſe ſtorm along the bellowing main,
And the ſtrong earthquake rends the ſhuddering ground.

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THE END.